

The Latin School Register

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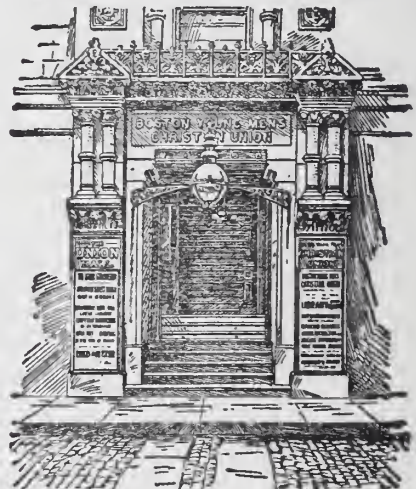
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THE REGISTER

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Latin School Register

VOLUME XXVII., No. 2.

OCTOBER, 1907.

ISSUED MONTHLY

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TERMS:—Fifty cents per year; by mail, sixty cents. Single copies, ten cents. Advertising rates on application.

Contributions are solicited from undergraduates.

All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written, and on one side only of the paper. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.

Published by the STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL, Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Entered at the Boston Post Office as second-class mail matter.

Printed by J. FRANK FACEY, 36 Prospect Street, Cambridge. Telephone 1265-3.



CANOEING IN A SNOW STORM

OF all the methods of locomotion known to man, canoeing is the most delightful.

I will treat of one trip that I took in a canoe. I will strive to give a straight-forward, matter-of-fact relation of the bare facts, not letting my imagination run away with my pen.

On the nineteenth of April, last spring, I left Savin Hill, Dorchester Bay, at seven o'clock in the morning, together with an experienced canoeist, clad in the oldest and warmest garments I possessed, and armed with an ample supply of food. It was the first time that I had ever been in a canoe, and after I had paddled a quarter of an hour or so, the muscles rebelled at the unaccustomed exercise, and I began looking forward into the rest of the day with dread, rather than with pleasant anticipa-

tions. But my dread soon wore off, and the splendor of the morning overcame any slight physical discomfort that remained.

We started with the intention of going up the Neponset River, and thence into the Charles, and leaving the canoe at Dedham, but when we were close to the mouth of the Neponset the excellence of the day and a favoring wind caused us to shift our course and go up a little salt creek that all but cuts Squantum off from the mainland. It was low tide, so this creek was full of ice cold black mud instead of water.

Into this icy composition we plunged our bare feet, tender from the winter's protection, lifted the slimy canoe to our shoulders, and scrambled up the slippery banks, and out onto a marsh that had been mowed the fall before,

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and whose rough stubble cut our chilled feet sorely. Over this we walked a quarter of a mile or so to the road skirting Quincy Bay, just beyond which we expected to find clear water. But to our dismay, on attaining the hoped-for goal, there stretched out before us as great a distance of soft black mud as we had already traversed of bristling stubble.

However, after a time, this, also, was left behind, and we glided forth into the clear water of the bay, straddling the canoe, each with one foot in the water on either side, to remove the caked mud. After we had in a measure removed the stains I began to appreciate the trip. We passed by Hough's Neck, Quincy, the Fore River, and on down the coast to Nantasket, the canoe rising and falling on the long swell, and the clear, crisp air of early spring causing distances to remain apparently unaltered in spite of our efforts.

Well inside the protecting arm of Hull we encountered our first real danger. The first Nantasket steamer of the season passed us, and its wash nearly swamped us, the canoe bobbing wildly up and down in the troubled waters of its wake. This safely escaped, we turned south, up the Weir River a short distance, and landed in the woods for lunch at about 12.30 o'clock.

Here we lighted a small fire, and dried our socks and "sneakers," that had been wet by the splashing water in the wake of the steamer. Here, by a fire, barefooted, mud-stained, and ravenous, we attacked our supplies. Never did hot cocoa and sandwiches taste so good as here, on this deserted point, when two famished, chilled travellers, bound for anywhere they might happen to be at nightfall, sitting close to a sociable little fire, attacked them with unsurpassed vigor.

Meanwhile the sky had become more and more overcast, and first a few pattering drops of rain, then scattered flakes of snow warned us that we must resume our journey or turn back. Lifting the canoe into the water, and

pushing out into mid-stream, we paused and took council whether to turn back or to keep on, regardless of the weather. We decided to proceed, and, donning all the extra clothing that we had brought, in case of a change of weather, we shot up-stream on the flowing tide, through the thickening snow.

Soon our progress was arrested by a road, under which the stream ran through a very small culvert. We got out, lifted the canoe out of the water, and went up on to the road to reconnoitre. On the other side ran a small stream into a pond known as Straits Pond. We "carried" across the road, launched our craft on the other side and paddled to the further end of this pond, where only a road and narrow beach separated us from the wide ocean, and where we could hear the long swell breaking sullenly on the wintry shore.

Again we "carried" and launched safely, though I jumped a fraction of a second too late and got one foot wet in pushing off, on the free waters of the open Atlantic.

That was the last sandy shore that we saw for some time. Down past the magnificent residences along Jerusalem Road, half-veiled in the falling snow, we went, rising and falling slowly on the long, oily swell, a light wind astern, and the weather cool enough to make paddling agreeable; down along the rocky cliffs where the long quiet waves roared as they surged and dashed around the great boulders; down past masses of rock two or three times the size of a house, rising abruptly from the water, where the mighty flood ebbed and flowed in a very maelstrom, down past Minot's Light, past Cohasset, North Scituate, and Egypt, with the same smooth grey waste of waters on the left, and the same rocky and forbidding shore on the right, rendered more forbidding still by ever-falling snow, we went.

The day began to darken; the melted snow, collected in the bottom of the canoe, had become so deep that, in spite of our cushions,

our knees and feet were wet in the icy water ; the descending snow had melted on us as it fell, and we were thoroughly wet with it ; we had with us neither chart nor compass, and neither of us was familiar with the coast, though both had a very general idea of it ; and yet, look as we might, there was no break in the rocky line, and the heavy, menacing roar of the breakers never for a moment ceased to warn us of the folly of attempting a landing.

Past the cliffs at Scituate we paddled, keeping well outside that dangerous coast ; the white uniformed patrol saw us, halted, and stood long, apparently trying to make out what manner of craft we were ; past the ill-fated government boat, that, in the great November storm that the *Portland* was lost in, was thrown bottom up upon a house set back some distance from high-tide mark, and that still remains, with a chimney sticking up through its black hull, a grim monument to the force of the warring elements ; past the reef-barred mouth of the North River, that, in the growing darkness and thick snow, we passed by, not knowing then what it was, and keeping well off from the dangerous shoals.

The grey gloom thickens ; through the snow it is possible to see dimly the dark masses of two distant headlands ; not a sail or craft of any kind can we see throughout the whole silent expanse of water ; the weird, unreal cry of a loon is borne to us through the gathering darkness ; birds of the open sea wing their silent flight, like shadows, over our heads ; silence, but for the ever-present distant rumble of the breakers, and the drip, drip, drip of the paddles, oppresses us ; one of us makes some brief remark, trying to break the spell ; the other makes an equally brief answer, and the almost palpable silence falls again upon us ; a flat-fish, pursued by some submarine foe, leaps from the water and flops along the surface close beside us, and we each start, feel sheepish, and hope that the other has not noticed it.

The snow abates ; night settles down in real

earnest ; a rift appears in the clouds, and a pale half-moon struggles forth, shedding a wan light on the sea, but not giving much assistance to the sight ; absolute, utter darkness reigns ashore, it being too early for the cottagers and hotel-managers to be at the shore ; cramps, for the first time in my life, seize upon my chilled muscles, and deprive my strokes of their strength ; my courage, though I will not confess it, begins to ebb ; we do not have the faintest idea where we are, except that we are between Scituate and Plymouth ; cold, wet, tired, hungry, dry land never seemed so desirable, but not for worlds will I show the white feather.

Around a point there gleam three or four lights ; we head for them, but a new obstacle appears ; we are among rocks covered with rockweed, and the gurgling whirlpools that form as the waves rise and fall warn us ; it is almost impossible, even in the day-time, to distinguish weed-grown rocks near the surface from clusters of weeds rising from far below, and at night it is worse ; so it is necessary to keep a paddle in the water in front of, and below the bow, to fend off from all possible rocks.

Thus we slowly nose around the point and see several lights behind a great breakwater. We paddle well inside into quiet water, and up close to one of the lights, which proves to be in a cottage on a sandy beach, an ideal place for landing. We beach the canoe and stiffly get out. We can scarcely stand erect, much less walk straight, and we can hardly drag the canoe beyond the reach of the tide. Taking with us our food supply, we knock at the door of the cottage, are admitted by the fisherman that owns it, and, while warming ourselves at his fire, find that the town is Green Harbor, that there is one hotel whose proprietor has come to town, and that there is no way of getting back to Boston to-night. Leaving the canoe and paddles in his charge we set off for the hotel with the rest of our luggage.

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Then, to our horror, we find that we have carelessly come away with but seventy-five cents, and must pay a hotel bill, two car-fares home, and a telephone charge for letting our people know where we are. However, we secure sufficient money to get us home from the hotel proprietor, to whom we tell our story, and secure a room in the hotel. Then we scrub down, eat, and turn in.

* * * *

Half an hour later : —

“Asleep? Where’s that towel? I’m all covered with cold perspiration.”

“Same here.”

An hour later : —

“Got warm yet?”

“No, and I don’t think I ever shall.”

* * * *

Fifteen minutes later : —

“Say, wasn’t it great? Can’t we keep on to Plymouth in the morning?”

“May be. We’ll see how the wind is in the morning.”

And silence and content reigned.

H. W. S., ’c8.



A T A L E O F L O N G A G O

AT the beginning of the summer season, that season of the year when a vast multitude of people all at once take a grudge against the city, and seek the beauties of the country or sea-shore resorts, there is also a corresponding rush of a small army of men of all trades and businesses, and, one might say, of all nationalities, who thrive under the patronage of the pleasure-seekers.

It is no strange thing, therefore, that in one of the numerous watering places on the coast of Maine there is a portion of the village inhabited by a small band of Indians, remnants of the old Penobscot tribe, from the government reservation at Old Town, Me. This section of the town is popularly known as “Squaw Hollow.” Here, in their small huts, the Indians exhibit for sale their carved wood-work, tomahawks, bows and arrows, and baskets made from sweet-grass, of which they alone know the whereabouts and what the most fragrant quality is.

Having lived some years in the town, the place was familiar to me, and I was well ac-

quainted with some of the old “chiefs.” I was of that age to which their tales of ancestral legend, of the former depredations of their tribe, and of their own personal adventures appealed. One story, which I still remember, is somewhat as follows : —

“About the middle of the seventeenth century, when the old Penobscot tribe was fighting the neighboring tribes, and resisting the encroachments of the ‘pale-faces’ upon its sylvan home, when they wore their war-paint and feathers, and were governed by the council of chiefs, there was one among their number whom they looked upon with suspicion. This young warrior’s name was Running-Water. As a hunter and fighter he had no superior, and his wigwam showed more trophies of the forest and battle-field than that of any other ‘redskin.’ Tall, lithe, with a supple frame and the speed of the winds, in deftness of paddle unsurpassed, he was a marvel. Thoroughly trained in woodcraft, he could follow the most baffling trail, call the moose and the deer, trap the fox,

the bear, the beaver, and the mink. He knew where to catch the trout, the perch, and the salmon. These almost supernatural accomplishments, together with his own jealous, sullen, wrathful nature, and the fact that his father had been a 'medicine-man,' holding communion with the spirits, forced the old braves of the council to drive him out from the tribe. Even his mother, Sagumasso, lived in terror of him.

"In remorseful mood he gave himself up to the loneliness of the forest of a lofty mountain, carrying off to a cave his flint, bows and arrows, knives, tomahawks, and trophies of battle. Here in this cave in the mountain the wild warrior made his home, alone, never seen by any member of his tribe. But each night the old chiefs would look up the mountain-side, and, seeing the red glow of his camp-fire, would say, 'Our brother, Running-Water, still lives there.'

"But, as the years roiled by, he came to be forgotten. Yet back into their memories he suddenly forced himself, for, when the Penob-

scots were being worsted in strife with another tribe, after having fought all one day and one night, into their midst rushed Running-Water, his eyes aglow, his knife gleaming in one hand, brandishing a tomahawk in the other. With a piercing, exultant war-whoop, he rallied the braves about him, and rushed among the foe with the indomitable fierceness of a typical Indian; the battle was renewed and the foe was overwhelmed. But when the chiefs of the Penobscots looked for Running-Water, to show him their gratitude, he had disappeared as stealthily as he had come among them.

"Never again did they see him. But they regarded him as a messenger of the Great Spirit, and they considered his watch-fire as a half terrible, half holy demon, by which they were protected from evil, and they bowed before his wizard power.

"But one night they did not see the light of his camp-fire, nor the next night, nor was it ever afterward seen, and they knew he had gone to the 'Happy Hunting-ground.' "

I. G. R., '08.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

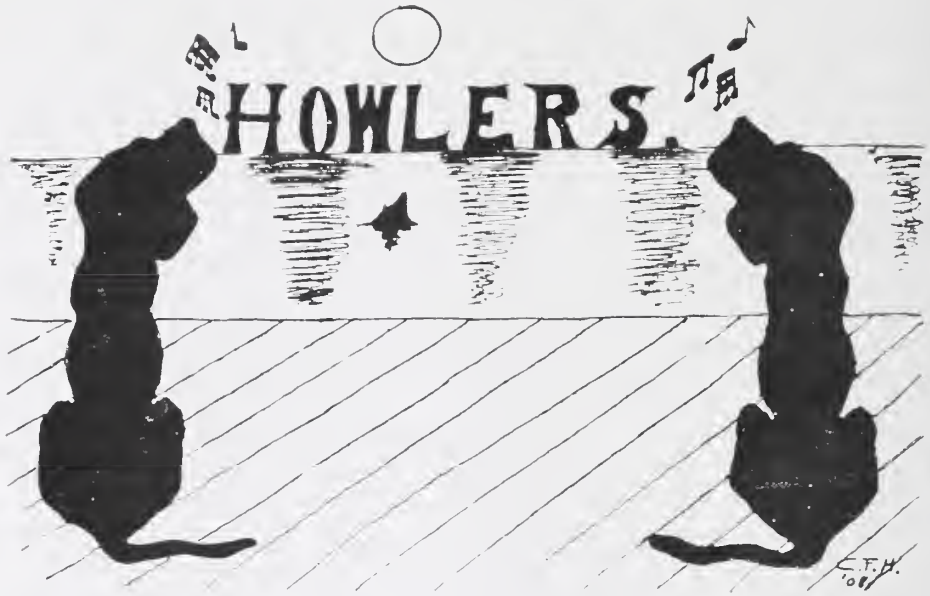
K. N. Your complaint regarding the depressing silence in the lunch room is received, and is worthy of attention. The reason is that, the food is so good that the eaters have no intervals in which to talk.

Hans White. You express a wish that soap and towels may be provided for the boys. This is a very proper wish, and would, incidentally, promote exhibition of interest in

recitations. How often we have seen a boy who knew an answer perfectly well refrain from raising his hand in response to the master's appeal, because at the end of the day he was aware that his hands were not presentable!

We hear that the New England Kitchen no longer runs the lunch-room, but that the Industrial Union is in charge there.

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(In England these mistranslations are called "Howlers," and are very numerous and ludicrous.)

Quale negotium.

Such a bizness !

Elle lui offrit un cuiller.

She offered to spoon with him.

T'e jam, Catalina, comprehendì jussèro ?

Shall I order some jam to be brought to you, Cataline ?

Voici vraiment la misère sans secours d'argent.

Here is a true miser without the aid of money.

Huc eum ferebant.

They gave him the hook.

Aliud summa telum tiberat ab aure.

He balanced another weapon on the top of his ear.

La lune sur les flots jouait.

The lunatic was yawning on the flats.

In room IX. : —

Teacher (to pupil) : Decline *homo*.

Pupil (writing on the board) : *Hobo, bobis*, etc.

Un éclair de joie brillait sur le front de sa sœur.

An éclair was joyously boiling on his sister's forehead.

Bonaparte arrive en été avant l'inondation.

Bonaparte arrived the summer before the flood.

C'a été si brusque.

This is so sudden.

Crusti patulis.

A crusty parent.

Detectune apparuit.

The detective appeared.

Consumptis hic forte aliis ut vertere morsus.

They had consumed this fort when they turned their teeth to other tasks.



THE VALUE OF THE STUDY OF GREEK

IT is a much mooted question whether we are repaid for the time we spend in the study of Greek, and when one attempts to write upon it, he seems to be setting out upon a sea of conflicting arguments. Some would have us believe that Greek is antiquated, out of date, and that it is a waste of time for us, living in the twentieth century, to study it. Others, clinging conservatively to the traditions of the past, wish to keep it a compulsory part of our education. Greek, however, will stand or fall according to its own merits, and unless we can be made to feel that it is as valuable to us, who desire a liberal education, as anything which may be proposed as a substitute, it is doomed.

What, in the first place, is the primary aim of a study like this, which does not, at first sight, present the practical advantages which we obtain from modern languages or science? The view of all educators is that it is to arouse, develop, and exercise the intellectual faculties of the student. In other words, "The object of education is not to *inform* but to *form* the mind." For this Greek is invaluable. No other language is so well fitted for this purpose.

The Greek language furnishes us with much more than mere mental gymnastics—such as the study of Hungarian would be. All admit that it is the most perfect form of expression to which the Aryan race has ever attained. Moreover, it is the work of a people the like of which the world has never seen, whose ideals are reproduced today, in philosophy, in architecture, in literature, and in art.

Can any other language boast of such litera-

ture as that which Greece possesses: the Homeric epics, the odes of the lyric poets, the great Attic tragedies, the histories of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, and the speeches of the great Athenian orators? And yet this legacy, infinitely precious as it is, is but a fragment of the literary structure reared by the men of Hellas. There are countless allusions to Greek ideas, as expressed in the works enumerated above, in the whole range of modern literature, and unless we have some knowledge of Greek authors, we cannot properly understand many of the finest passages in English.

Greek, then, is, or should be, much more than a study of inflections, rules of syntax, and word-groups; for these, after all, are but the hard outer shell which we must crack before we can enjoy the tender kernel within.

One cannot obtain a thorough knowledge of English unless he has some acquaintance with Greek, for we have thousands of words derived from Greek originals, and nearly all the new words which have been coined in recent times are taken from the Greek. Thus Greek, because of its unmatched facility for forming new compounds, has become the great store-house from which we enrich our own language.

Greek is valuable also for the scientific student, for practically all the technical terms of Botany, Zoölogy, Geology, and Chemistry are formed from Greek words. If the student can see at a glance the meanings of the component parts of these words, he will have great advantage over the "modern" student, to whom they will seem arbitrary terms.

In the above I have scrupulously avoided answering the question, "Should Greek be compulsory?" I would like, however, to say a word with reference to the relative value of the Greek and the modern languages. A knowledge of both, I believe, is essential to a

liberal education, and we should not allow our appreciation of one to disparage the other. Greek is destined to remain in our curricula; and will be of even more benefit to future generations of scholars than it has been to those of the past. G. H. G., '09.



A VICTIM OF THE SUBURBS

"THIS is the fifteenth morning this month that I have had to stand up all the way to Boston. I've had enough of this living in the suburbs to last me a life-time," said the veteran suburbanite, as somebody stepped on his pet corn. With distortion still lingering on his brow he turned to me and said, "Well, friend, when did you come out?" I replied, "The last of November." "You have my sincere sympathy," said he, as he left the car.

The first three months passed by without any serious disaster to me. Of course I had a hundred-yard dash to catch the train every morning, but I was rewarded by taking the first prize in the school track-meet. I usually stood up all the way to the city. But what of that? I expected it, since I had become a suburbanite, and it made my calves strong.

But February was an unlucky month. The first morning the train was delayed by a wreck, so that I arrived in school in time to hear the joyous 2 o'clock dismissal bell.

On the 22nd of February there was to be a party at a friend's home.

Making as careful a preparation as any "Beau Brummel" I left my home early. The day had been beautiful and I was looking forward with pleasant anticipation to the event. When I entered the car nearly all the seats were taken. Midway on the right hand side sat a stylishly dressed young fellow, having the

air of a college man. Taking my place beside him, I settled myself to enjoy the rare treat of a seat in a train.

Close to his feet cuddled a huge English bull dog. This creature had a chest dimension which any athlete might be proud of. His muscles were one mass of knots. On his collar was a carefully tied crimson bow.

At the next station a young lady of stately appearance entered. She was leading by a chain a Boston terrier, whose beauty could be surpassed only by the ugliness of the bull dog. It, also, had on its collar a bow, but of royal blue color.

With a hostile glance, and a growl of spite, the dogs made a lunge at each other. Each seemed after the other's ribbon. A short tug-of-war took place in the aisle. They closed in again and again. Somebody must have given one of the dogs a kick, for suddenly, as I started to move outside of the line of battle, both dogs turned their undivided attention to me. Several men leaped to their feet and made a grab for the dogs. The air seemed to be a confused mass of dogs and men, of which I was at the bottom. I kept hearing the young lady say, "Teddy, dear, you naughty boy, what are you doing?" In crawling out for protection, I jumped up in time to see two men in a tug-of-war with a rope, made of the two dogs locked together. In a few moments all was over, and the dogs were separated. I

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proceeded to examine the extent of my injuries. Luckily for me, their teeth had only bruised my flesh, but my evening suit was in tatters, and I looked as if I might be a near kinsman to "Weary Willy." Arriving at the station, I sent a message to my friend whom I was to escort to the party, and took a carriage for the nearest clothier, for I must not miss the party, if repairs or rehabilitation could make me presentable.

* * * *

It was the last of June; that morning, as for several mornings, I came into school feeling refreshed from the ride. That day we worked hard over examinations. Tired out from our work we left the school to grind late that night. When I arrived home, taking my books, I went down by the lakeside to study. The fragrance

of the blossoms was wafted across the lake. The birds sang cheerily. I plunged deep into my work, for I knew that summer had come, that examinations would soon be over, and school would be closed. Then I thought of my city friends, sweltering in the heat of the city. At last the sun was sinking slowly behind the hills. Dark night with its forces in sable armor from the east was in full pursuit. Day had been vanquished, and night was again victor. Some flower must have shed its sleep giving perfumes, for when I awoke, the moon was shining brightly. A small, dark cloud was scurrying across the sky. At last it hid the moon. A beautiful silver fringe entirely encircled it. Then the thought came to me, "Never a cloud so dark but it has a silver lining." Even living in the suburbs has its advantages.

R. W. G., '08.



A T H L E T I C S

NOT long ago there appeared on our bulletin board a notice in regard to the organization of class foot-ball teams. This is the first time that we have ever heard of this being done, and we urge every one to help along this movement, for it is doubtful if there is a single person who is not heartily in favor of it. The mere fact that the colleges, whose example we are always following, have class teams, seems to show that there is some good in it.

The primary reason, as every one knows, for playing foot-ball, base-ball, or any other branch of athletics is to promote a person's health. If in foot-ball, for example, there are twenty-five fellows who are regular players or substitutes, what is twenty-five compared with the seven hundred pupils in the school? A very small proportion indeed. It is the same with

all the other teams — always a very few are playing, and very often the same fellows represent a number of teams. With class teams a *very* much larger number will be engaged in athletics and thus be building up their bodies.

Many fellows who are desirous of making their letters in some sport are unable to make the school team when they first go out. These can easily get on their class teams and thus have a better chance the next year for the regular squad. Then, again, most boys who play outdoor games, do it for the fun in them, not thinking of the physical training. With class teams this group of boys will have an opportunity for their sport.

Lastly, these class teams are a great aid to the so-called "class spirit." Now with us the one form of "class spirit" is the class athletic teams. Therefore, again we most strongly urge

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that class teams be organized, for it is at their games that the whole class gathers and we see our classmates as they are. There is nothing that binds a class together more closely than these class "battles," where each class seems to feel itself a single and united body with the same ambition.

Consequently, for these reasons, when the various seasons come, bringing with them their games — foot-ball, basket-ball, rowing, etc. — once more we ask every one to help form teams in his class. For let him know that he will be promoting good health for some, for others be causing fun, and for everybody be encouraging "class spirit" and "school spirit."

H. V. B., '09.

FOOT-BALL.

B. L. S., 5 ; Groton, 0.

The foot-ball team started out very propitiously by defeating Groton. For the first time in the history of the Boston Latin School, the football team came away from there victorious. The Latin School outplayed Groton; at no time was there danger that our opponents would score.

Groton's back-field was wonderfully fast and their line was strong, but the Latin School's playing was superb. The punting of Elcock, Fraser's end runs, and Amadon's general good work were the features.

B. L. S., 0 ; Worcester Academy, 11.

Our team, not satisfied with high school opponents, wished to try the mettle of the preparatory school teams. Therefore, Worcester Academy was added to the schedule. Worcester is in the class with Andover and Exeter, and so the result was no surprise. However, Worcester's touchdowns were the result of fumbles.

Worcester's coach remarked after the game

that the Latin School team was the best high school team he had ever seen.

B. L. S., 6 ; Salem High, 0.

On October 12, at Salem, the Boston Latin School defeated the Salem High School in a very poorly played game.

Our line was weakened by the loss of Cleary, who had an injured knee, and of Elcock, who played half-back instead of tackle. It was only after Elcock returned to his regular position that the team played real foot-ball. Salem had a very fast and a very heavy team. Moloney recovered the ball on a fumble, and, running fifty yards, scored the only touchdown of the game.

B. L. S., 16 ; Lawrence High, 0.

On October 19, the Latin School defeated the Lawrence High, at Lawrence. Our team played a very poor game, but this was the result, in all probability, of very weak opposition from Lawrence. The Latin School worked the forward pass successfully, also the "tackle round" play, with Cleary carrying the ball. Simmons, also, showed up well by circling the ends for long gains.

Our second team has played two games, one with the Farm School at Thompson's Island, in which they won by a score of 12-5; the other with the Revere High, in which they were beaten 21-0.

We have the pick of the schoolboy punters in Ryder and Elcock.

Amadon is considered the best full-back in the Boston League. He plunged through Worcester Academy's team again and again, gaining every time.

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Seavey makes a worthy successor to Thompson at centre, but guard is his favorite position.

The Mechanic Arts High School has the best team in its history. It was a fine game when we played them, November 9.

Sweetser, '07, is sustaining his reputation as an athlete at Harvard. He played half-back on the Freshman foot-ball team until forced to retire by a broken nose; in the tennis tournament he did excellent work; and in the recent Freshman track meet he captured third place in the 100-yard dash, and second in the 120 yard hurdles.

O'Hare, '07, is playing on the Harvard Freshman team, as is also Daly, '07.

In the Yale Freshman vs. Exeter foot-ball game, Keenan, '07, played half-back for the Yale team.

For the annual Boston Latin-English High game, two complimentary tickets are offered: one to the fellow who hands to Kennedy, Room 17, the best school yell; the other to the fellow

who hands him the best song. The songs and yells are for the "rooters" at this game.

BASKET-BALL.

J. A. Sullivan of Class II. has been elected captain of the basket-ball team by the Advisory Committee, to succeed Leo Fish, who has left school to attend Notre Dame College. W. A. Cleary of Class III. is manager.

Captain Sullivan called out the candidates for the team a week ago, twenty-five fellows responding. Of last year's players, Sullivan, Allison, Armstrong, Rouillard, Crane, and Norton are back. With these men as a foundation, it is hoped to build a team that will equal the performance of last year's team. Manager Cleary promises an interesting schedule.

J. W. Doherty, '06, who has coached the Braintree High School's basket-ball team for the past two years, was over to see our team, and helped Captain Sullivan coach it.

Leo Fish, the star forward of last year's basket-ball team, has entered Notre Dame University, Indiana. He was captain of this year's team, and one of the best athletes in the school.

John A. Sullivan, who also played forward, has been elected captain in his place.

On Monday, October 21, shortly after lunch, on account of lack of heat, the school was dismissed for the rest of the day. All were surprised, very many delighted, and a few — sorry. This has happened nearly every winter in the writer's remembrance. Does the Latin School need better heating facilities, or better care of those we have?

It was with fiendish glee that the non-driller, at the beginning of the year, heard the creaking of unused muscles and the grunts of the stout boys as they stooped, and turned, and twisted in the drill-hall. Now, however, as he in the physics class listens to commands

given in stentorian tones in the yard he reluctantly turns to his books and "right-hand pages," and gloomily starts to figure out the weight of a lead sinker in alcohol.

A small boy complained to one of the members of the REGISTER staff that he had been struck by another boy.

"Where did he hit you?" asked the sympathetic editor.

"In the lunch-room," answered the small boy.

"That is a fatal spot," replied the editor, melodramatically.

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S C H O O L N O T E S

We wish that every member of the school might have heard the lecture on "The Latin School and the College" which was given last summer by Mr. Horace H. Morse, B. L. S., '96, in the Old South Course. The story of the great masters — Ezekiel Cheever and John Lovell, and more recently Francis Gardner and Dr. Merrill — and of the great men who have passed through the school was intensely interesting, and would have made every Latin School boy thrill with pride. The two hundred and seventy-two years of the school's existence is not a meaningless figure when one hears of the great and influential men who have gone forth from this school and its predecessors: seamen, as Sir Isaac Coffin, the British admiral; statesmen, as Everett and Sumner; literary men, as Ralph Waldo Emerson; clergymen, as Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks; soldiers, as those whose names are inscribed in our lower corridor, and a host of others.

These were some of Mr. Morse's closing words: —

"For every boy in the audience I can wish nothing better than that some day he may be a Latin School boy worthy of his school."

Harris Livermore, formerly a Latin School boy, was married on October 23. He entered the school in the fall of 1890. He later entered Harvard, and was a member of the class of 1901.

Gerry Austin Lyman, a former member of the Latin School, died of pneumonia in New York, October 21, 1907. He entered the school in 1867.

I.

There was a young man from Poughkeepsie,
Who was "took" with a fit,—epilepsy.—

He was mad, but got madder,
When sent for a ladder;

For he would not and could not take steps,—see?

II.

"I think you should call it Poughkeepsie,
And make it go rhyming with gypsy,"

Says a man analytic,
A Limerick critic,

As into his Worcester's "Big" dips he.

R. GUS IDE.

The first public declamation was held on October 18, and it introduced a great many new declaimers to the school. Almost two-thirds of the speakers had never appeared on the Latin School platform before. All those who appeared showed the effects of careful training, and, although some of the beginners were rather nervous and mechanical, they displayed the unmistakable signs of prize-winners of the future. It was interesting to notice the similarity of style and delivery which one of the younger speakers showed to that of his elder brother, who was formerly a prize-winning declaimer in this school. We hope that he will follow in his brother's footsteps, and likewise have the honor of shaking hands with the awarder of prizes in some future June.

The REGISTER declines to report the names of reporters that do not report. Jackson is reporter for Room 3, Daly for Room 11, Stalker for Room 15, and McCarthy for Room 9.

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Louis A. Stillings, Latin School, '96, Drum Major and manager of the foot-ball team, died during the last summer. He was a graduate of the Prince Grammar School, '96, and Harvard, '01.

Dr. Alfred H. Gould, B. L. S., '92, captain of the foot-ball team, died October 2. He graduated from Harvard in '96, and from the Harvard Medical School in '00. He contributed much to science and to surgery.

James W. Longstreet, a State Street banker, who died recently in Washington, spent two years, 1882 and 1883, in the Latin School, but did not complete the course. He served as a lieutenant in the Philippines during the Spanish war.

And now the first class, Rooms 17 and 18, "are requested," etc. Since, as Burke tells us, all government is but a compromise, everybody giving up something of his individual desire for the comfort of the whole, so we in school surrender some precious personal things, —like prolonged corridor talk, and morning whispers in the rooms, and "sich"—for the greater good of all. Yet, the newer requests say, "without permission," and we've noticed that permission is easy to be obtained by those who do not abuse it.

Apology is due F. Packard, of Class I., since his name was omitted from the list of those that secured honors at Cambridge; he received honors in three subjects, Latin, History, and Greek.

Lester W. Clark, B. L. S., 1871, has recently been elected judge of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. It may be inter-

esting to hear that Mr. Clark was under the instruction of Mr. Fiske at Harvard in the class of 1875.

Class I. has elected Brigham, Fitzpatrick, and Goodwin as a Photograph Committee, and Donovan, Hennessey, Lenihan, Simmons, and Stanton as a Dance Committee.

It is noteworthy that the House of Lords, probably the most august assembly in the world, enters Parliament in single file; it is, therefore, so it would seem, not below the dignity of the Latin School boys, even the First Class, to go in file, when requested.

An officer in citizen's clothes carried off two youthful and noisy spectators of our lunch-room exercises last week, and exhibited them to the indignant members of a neighboring institution of learning who were in the street at the time.

The two captives were strongly advised to throw the officer off, but on reflection decided not to do so.

It was unfortunate that last year there could not be found a sufficient number of boys who played the mandolin, banjo, or guitar to form a permanent B. L. S. Mandolin Club. The manager of this year's club is desirous of forming a well-organized club. There will surely be plenty of opportunity for playing, so the manager desires as large a club as can possibly be secured. Every fellow who has ever played any of these instruments, regardless of the quality of his playing, should not fail to see Pengra, of Room 17, as soon as possible.

Jowett, '07, is a "sub" on the Harvard Freshman foot-ball team.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT OF 1907.

PRELIMINARY ROUND	FIRST ROUND	SECOND ROUND	SEMI-FINALS	FINALS	WINNER
J. P. Kennedy W. B. Appleton	Kennedy 6-2, 6-2	Nunn By default	Crane 6-0, 6-2	Crane 6-1, 6-0	Crane 7-5, 6-4, 6-3
P. H. Nunn T. J. Goodwin	Nunn By default	By default			
H. H. Crane S. London H. S. Potter	Crane 6-2, 6-2	Crane 6-0, 6-1			
F. P. Donovan T. E. Gavin		Donovan 4-6, 6-2, 7-5	Donovan 6-2, 6-2		
I. M. Jackson G. H. Polley		Jackson 6-2, 6-3			
E. F. Murray W. O'Shea		Murray 6-0, 6-0	Murray 6-2, 6-4		
H. A. Sutherland H. Norton		Norton 6-4, 6-1		Simpson 7-5, 6-8, 6-3	
A. C. Weston Plummer H. W. Smith	Plummer 6-1, 6-4	Plummer 10-8, 10-8	Simpson 6-1, 5-7, 6-3		
J. A. Simpson J. A. O'Shea	Simpson 6-2, 6-1	Simpson 6-3, 6-2			
G. Foster H. A. Thomas	Foster 6 4, 6-3				

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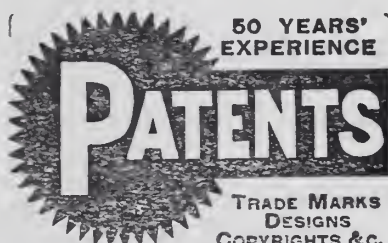
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